

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Curious Conceits of the Funny Men Seen and Described.

A blue-goggled, bald-headed man, with heavily subsidized rum canals lining his face, entered the lobby, and after gazing around for a few moments as if in search of some one to take the chair next to the man with the red four-in-hand background to his four-leaf scarf pin.

"Salesman?" he asked after a suitable pause.

"Yes, shoes. What's your line?"

For answer the man with the blue goggles passed over a card bearing the simple legend "Markingham University."

"Ah," said the shoe salesman, with a polite show of interest. "So you're connected with—er—Markingham University?"

"Connected with it? Well, rather. Why?"

"I don't mind telling you this, sir, for I flatter myself that I have never made a mistake in reading character, and I can see at a glance that you are a man who can fully appreciate this latest great stride forward in the march of educational progress."

As at least a first lieutenant of industry, sir, you undoubtedly realize the enormous advantages to be derived from consolidation. Railroad units, steamship units, in fact the units of almost every form of commercial industry are daily being combined, with equal benefit to employer, employee and patron or consumer.

"This being the case, sir, why should education be left to lumber along in its old-fashioned, cumbersome way? Why shouldn't learning, just off its former unwieldy organization and reap the harvest that invariably takes root in any intelligent combination?"

"There is no reason. For proof of my statement look at me."

"In me you behold the ideal of a consolidated educational institution. I, sir, am Markingham University."

Markingham University leaned back to observe the effect of his words. The effect seemed good.

"Here," he continued, drawing a circular from his pocket, "this little pamphlet will give you a fair idea of our university—of me, that is, in my broadest sense."

The footwar exponent started to peruse the pamphlet.

"Where is your university situated?" he asked.

"Right next to you, at present. In other words I am it, and wherever I am, it is."

"But this thing speaks of the large undergraduate body. Surely you—"

"Yes, I'm the undergraduate body. And while I'm not an enormous man, I'm not what you'd call a small body, by any means."

"But then, who comprise the faculty?" It says here that the members of the various faculties, having received their education and training in various parts of the world, are fully competent to—"

"Quite true, quite true," interrupted the University. "as the undergraduate body am in full possession of all my faculties, and have trained them all over the world."

"My early experience as a bookmaker in California amply fits me for the duties of professor of literature. The few years I put in studying probability and chance at Saratoga have been an invaluable help to me during my incumbency of the chair of mathematics."

"My drink-mixing experience in Chicago has been wonderfully in the demonstration of practical chemistry, while as for my six-month course in philosophy at Elmira—I could go on indefinitely."

"What I particularly wanted to call your attention to in our little circular is our course in trout fishing."

"Six of 'em had come up from the county seat to go trout fishing back of the Knob. Sporty chaps they was, too. One of 'em was the Sheriff, I think. Another one was a considerable runner for the Legislature, and another one was a 'Soshet Judge."

"The rest of 'em, like all county seat feller citizens, was ready and willing to be 'most anything, from constable up to court clerk. And they was all out for a big shy agin the trout."

"They got to the valley tavern—I think it was on a Thursday, long 'tore evenin'—and Sim took 'em in charge. They set up tolerable late that night, but as the ante was small, and the limit ten cents, there wasn't much lost but sleep."

"Friday mornin' they was all up and around, some of 'em bright and early, some of 'em only bright, and some of 'em just early. They got to their campin' place on the creek some time durin' the day."

"Saturday, Sim thought he'd hook his mule to the backboard and drive out to the camp, long in the afternoon, to see how the feller citizens was doin'."

"'Tuz o'ch to have high noon to a bushel—'bout by this time," says he. "Old socksers, too, some of 'em, I'll bet you'll be sayin'."

"So Sim drove off into the woods. He got back around 'tore dark. The sporty feller citizens was with him."

"Met 'em on the road," says Sim. "They've broke camp already, and hain't got as much as a prickly-nose club. They're all sick, they say, and they want to go home quick," says Sim, sniffin' like—"

"Never seen anything like it," said the feller citizen that was thinkin' about runnin' for the Legislature. "Who'd ever think, says he, 'that malaria'd be lurkin' round in these pine-clad hills? Why, the hull of us has been shakin' 'most ever since we went into camp!" says he.

"They all looked sick and no mistake. They had a feller citizen good and all-consumin' appetite for supper, though."

"Long in the fore part of the next week a bark-peeler from back on the hills come stragglin' in to Sim's."

"Had any sportin' chaps up here yit this season, Sim?" says he.

"Party of good ones was up last week," says Sim. "But they all got sick and had to go back without wettin' a line."

"Not a party of six, was they?" says the bark-peeler.

"Yes, says Sim.

"Wasn't campin' in the old Hobdy cabin, back here at the foot of the Knob, was they?" says the bark-peeler.

rependance school for business men, with examinations either oral or by mail. You haven't time to put in four years in a resident college, and yet think of what a great aid to you in your business it would be to have a B. Ch. from Markingham. People who wouldn't think of buying shoes from an ordinary salesman would jump at the chance of making a purchase from a full-fledged Markinghamian."

"Yes," objected the shoeseller, "but you are—"

"Tut, tut, man!" the University hastily assured him. "Of course, you could pass the examinations. I can tell a man by his face and conversation. Why, I wouldn't insult my judgment of character by even asking you to take them."

"Fifteen dollars merely to cover the cost of engraving, and I can give you a B. Ch. diploma that will mean with recognition from scholars the world over. Or, better still, call it twenty dollars, and I'll make you a M. Ch.—Master of Chirography. An M. Ch. degree that covers courses in both feet. Think of the prestige that that carries."

The boot purveyor overcame whatever thirst for knowledge he had and shook his head.

"Well, I'm sorry," sighed Markingham University. "There's nothing I'd like better than to be an Alma Mater to you, but of course, if—goodness me! I had no idea it was so late. The university holds its commencement at 8 o'clock and it's almost 8 now."

"Can't I persuade you to attend our graduation exercises? It's just a few steps, over in the bar. You sure you'll be interested in our old college customs—the passing of the loving cup, extemporaneous speaking, the repressing of the loving cup, the college clerks, the passing back of the loving cup, and the singing of the old college songs by the entire undergraduate body and his guests. I'd like to have you see what a strong college spirit old Markingham really has."

To this the shoeman had no objection. As soon as he had fallen in line behind the undergraduate body (consolidated) the academic procession started solemnly toward the bar.

At a late hour that night the drummer began to have a different idea about Markingham University. He much more fully appreciated the great advantages possessed by a holder of a M. Ch., or even a B. Ch. degree. In fact, he then would have gladly accepted either one of them, but by that time the Markingham University undergraduate body had completely lost possession of its faculties, happy and otherwise, and there was no one present with power to bestow degrees.

Domestic Intelligence.

Mr. Speedy—Do you care for outdoor sports? Miss—Yes, I do. I never thought you were one, aren't you, Mr. Speedy? This is so sudden!

The Actor—Yes, I am to recite Hamlet's soliloquy.

The Critic—The audience ought to sympathize with you.

Actor—How? Critic—Why, it'll be such hard lines for both of you.—Harvard Lampoon.

A Winner of Outdoor Sports.

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FUN OF THE COLLEGE BOYS.

"Mother may I go out to swim?"
"No my darling daughter—
Keep your clothes on your hickory limb;
Then nobody'll know you've got her."
—Cornell Widow.

Why Should He?
"I don't give a rap," said the coachman, haughtily, as he rang the electric bell—
Columbia Jester.

Poem: Papa's Failing.

Oh! hear the iron railing,
And see the crown stone stoop,
While papa with his falling
Is trying to loop-the-loop.

Naturally.
Soph.—That was the cleanest game of ball I ever saw.
Junior—What game?
Soph.—Why, the water polo match.—
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Cherchez la Femme.
"Another tragedy," said the cynic, as shrill shrieks arose from the ruined cistern. "I suppose there is a woman at the bottom of it."—Yale Record.

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For a Nasty Fourth.

"Mother may I go out to swim?"
"No my darling daughter—
Keep your clothes on your hickory limb;
Then nobody'll know you've got her."
—Cornell Widow.

Why Should He?
"I don't give a rap," said the coachman, haughtily, as he rang the electric bell—
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Oh! hear the iron railing,
And see the crown stone stoop,
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Junior—What game?
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